TO FREEDOM

To Freedom, Eros © 2019

Published and designed by Jamie Berrout

Images: "The Burial," Walter Gramatte (1916); "Trees," David Johnson (1886); Miguel Covarrubias, "Soldaderas in the Revolution" (1933); Elizabeth Catlett, "Central America Says No!" (1986)

Content Warning: Drug use

BOOKLET ISSUE #11 featuring Eros' *To Freedom* was printed and bound in March 2019 in an edition of 125 copies. Digital versions of this text are available to readers at no cost at our site:
patreon.com/transwomenwriters

To Freedom

poems by Eros

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I swing swears switch gears and I smoke a lot.
I'm that motherfucking slow roast gumbo on a open pot

Come get trippy in my twisted world.
No laws, no borders, hair nappy curled.
Weed for breakfast, get reckless, leave a fash neckless.
I'm just a blessed bitch, get it while you can; I got a deathwish.
No genders, always on a bender, put the drugs in a blender. Born sinner, reborn: so expert, yet beginner. Throwing pennies at presidents, headshot, I'm a winner.

I'm so slick with my lips,
Have you backwards and shit,
With words I'm well equipped,
It's a curse of a gift

Empathetic Drifter

Home is where the heart is, so they say
Home is where the art is, cirque soleil

Home is where the roaches are, burnt fingertips from smoking hard
Home is where the mood is mellow, the rooms are yellow, the rooms boom with cartoons, it bellows
The walls stay wavy like jello.

Home is where your feet take you, where you set up shop, stop and pop, grab the xans out the box, home is a big clock, where time stops, it's littered with pop rocks and plastic cocks.

Home is where hammocks don't fly, home is where it's safe to cry, content to die…
Home is where dreams are made, home is where the dreams can fade if you get stuck,

Home is a place to learn, always keep fucking up.

Home is where homes are burned.
Home is where you learn that earn is just a term and owe can turn to no as you watch the way your trust is burned.

Home is a long time coming, working 8 hrs turns to an eternity when work is just a way to be, we moved our ways from bees, instead of queens we got secret kings, putting y'all to work in secret rings, and toss you aside when your heart do the thing.

But I ain't bullshitting I recognize you a human being.

I am nothing
and in nothingness I have inhereted all.
By inheriting all, I relinquished everything.
By relinquishing everything I am prepared for anything
By preparing for everything I was granted security.
In security I lost safety.
Each moment I am reborn.
I have been the same for all of time.
All of nothing.

Hammer

that dysphoria hit like a hammer
i end up wishing i had a flower
where i have a hammer
if i go to jail it's solitary or the wrong gendered slammer.
slapping my own ass like: "i look good"
but i look like the opposite gender that i wish i would.
if only i could switch bodies i wish i could.
and surgeries be like a mountain sitting on a fault
once you reach the top you might wonder why you fought
and cried
and begged
all the nights wishing you were dead
when your future is dead ahead
if you're trans like me, shit. it might be dead, up ahead.
and i kinda like the parts that don't feel apart of me but i really
fucking wish.
i really really wish.
that it wasn't called a hammer

Fucked up faded, guess I'm feeling jaded.
Sad when I'm sober, sad when I'm wasted.
What is reality?
I simply can't face it.
What is existence?
I simply can't take it.
I fucking can't take it.
I'm wasted I'm wasted.
I get lit cause I'm bored!
Now I'm bored of being lit.
Even bored of being a whore.
I'm even sick of theiving.
I only go for eating.
I never can find comfortable seating.
I've slept in rich beds,
And slept in the stret,
I tried taking my meds,
and I tried drug free.
At this point I only hope I die mad and on my feet. With a big smile.
(and not by my own hand
trying hard not to die by my own hand)

3A.M. @ Lewis Quadrangle 16

My drinking habit is coming back, tryna catch up,
My cig habit is still attached,
Girl am I stuck,

It's just my luck to be so luckily fucked,
I'm just one in seven billion to be so holy undone,

I'm a line of string end to end no twists or curls about me,
It's all made up, everyday I pick my personality,

I just never gave a fuck so it's just my luck
I'm one in seven billion to be so holy undone

I'm undead from bomb runs and big guns
My face fucked up even made a mob run

Life be damned I came to spit a hot one,
And leave 16 in yo ass like where the squad done,
Did it.

Hit a piggy's wiggy leave some sticky piggys,
I'm in a riggy getting jiggy with fifty, dig me?
I'm in a rental getting schwifty off a Micky feeling silly.

I'm a hill billy low down dirt drinking asshole.
Remediated and remedied from irrational,

Dimly deem the dimadome a damn wonder.
Quickly scheme cause when in Rome you pillage and you plunder

I keep it 3 stacks a talloned calico on Gunther,
Never leave the house without a gunner with a thumper,

My lady is a suck thumber
Who hates hummers and dates jumpers

She's a cummer
It's her 8th coming
She (be)came number

Famed stunner.
Drop dead.
Fuck em up, she knocks heads.
She doesn't rock with hot lead you hot head,
So drop the glock Fred it's time to go toe to toe

I'm blowing dope coast to coast with totoro
I'm wondering what a photo holds
A click a flash a memory
A moment in eternity unless I burn the thing

A camera does what shakespeare did with poetry
Because we don't understand continuity…

[(An overzeolous belief in perpetuity)
(A misdirection of insurrection like gratuity)]

Like when you die you're dead
A poem can't save you, a picture can't keep you around,
Crank the bass, cut the light, It's a dark sound

A boy n their beer
A toy so tirelessly queer
Side-eyed trying to find a place here
A bird with a beer
Wishing to fly away. Fuck me huh.
That's how it be, just another black person in a sea as brown as can be.
No ass, no rhythm, but the rhymes can compete.
Black woman I'm the battering ram.
Black presentation well I'm the invisible man.
Interesting how that shit go.
Assigned a gender and that's all she wrote.
I'm on a bender, following and swallowing smoke.
Society shipped me off with some holes in my boat.
A cruel winter they call it a joke.
No winter but they call it a hoax.
No gender but they clawing my throat.
That's a dark agenda like Poe.
I'm in the streets screaming let me go!
That's the real dark agenda I wrote.
Freed my mind.
Now it's time to Free my people.
Start with my city.
Don't stop til it's agreeable.
Smashing the (binary) system y'all would think it's unbelievable.

Diagnosis

I have depression and it turned my mind into a lethal weapon
I feel it crushing, pressing. I'm always second guessing

I was born in a fucked up world
I'm a fucked up girl

getting fucked up and hitting my twirl

and whether that's physical or metaphor that just depends on my mood
I always got the blues but I switch quickly and get giddy too

my beliefs become real cause I'm a crazy bitch, twisted schizotypical shit

and what's a diagnosis in this crazy pit?
corrupt politicians and paupers doing some shady shifts

the systemic beliefs at the foundation are insidious
so to tell me I'm crazy for not feeding into it?
well don't act surprised when I get belegirent

if you attack me for being myself, then ima see about freeing myself.
Are you saying I shouldn't believe in myself?
because of my anxieties, my desire for autonomy, and weird quirks
that get weird words from assholes who would use the r-word

can't I just be different?
I gotta be classified so that autism speaks can try to fix it? fuck em.
I gotta go for gold to try and live?
You aint gonna diagnose me with consumerism.
Thanks but no thanks, you let them folks die in the West Bank.
To be frank you fucking suck, I'm not the one that's fucked up

My trauma gets redacted
it's a bad habbit
I have a rabbit and a bad dragon
so that I can feel hollow in my ass passage
I'm past passages on how to handle it
I can't even remember shit.
They say you gotta face the shellshock head on
but I just wanna smoke until my head's gone
I know that shit is dead wrong
I've hardly ever told nobody
I probably need to hold somebody
but them hugs hurt
it was drugs first
and some folks dont ask
they just touch first
never had the chance to have love first

[trauma redacted]

[trauma redacted]

[trauma redacted]

I'm a dope dick dastardly motherfucker
Dope sick casually just how them Astor's be
Just how the pastors preach, just half past a leech
Pungent like rick astley ya fuckers, fuckin suckers

Five dollar bussers, I'm in the trenches with the truckers where the workers hit the buzzers ain't no room for beating here

You act up and we'll leave ya bleeding here,
fake as fuck you'll concede in here, needed here, what you hear?

Black queer, w a knapsack drinking beer
Playing hackey eating takis hacking lackeys all year

Kick like karate the words is all queer
When it's all said and done I hope it's all clear,
That I live by the gun and I die twice a year.
That I'm home on the run and I'm anxious when I'm here.
That it's cold without gun got no fucking heat to bare.

When the squad tough as huns and the fucking meat is scarce.
Cause we eat when we eat when we eat the bones is bare.

Blaring Black Sabbath reading Iris young, the foundation still is there, the location still a steer like two lefts at the lights try not to hit a dear,

dead inside every night my emotions sit in fear,

That I'll fuck up the plantation hit these folks with liberation agitate the uprising then leave it to the gravitation leave it to imaginations to leaven a situation with gravitas, in the end I hope I'm better at saying bon voyage than making topanade.

But I know I'm not.

I love escapism
I hate rhythym I hate prison
I love complacency
I hate mixed cds
I hate adjancecy
I hate internet latency
So I hate dial-up adjacently
I hate frequencies on the radio when they're hurting me
I hate frequently like uranium I'm cancerous, deserving of censorship
I hate fucking up on languages and instruments
I hate the fact that I don't know enough
I hate when I act like I know enough
I hate my body, I hate the flesh, I hate the bones and stuff
I hate the homes
I love bullets to the dome
I hate gnomes
I love broken gnomes
If it was up to me I wouldn't let E.T. phone home
I hate chrome
and platinum plated prices. I hate prices.
I'm always in crisis.
I lost my license,
I hated it anyways.
So much love for the world that all I feel is rage.
A happy soul, I guess this was my fate.

I hate life
I love rhythym I hate prison
Everything's a prison, I guess that's why I hate everything
I hate complacency I love mixed cds
I used to make 'em for my baby
I love romance, I love love
I love drugs
and persian rugs
and mud
and tattoo covered hugs
from drug dealing lovers
I love laying under the covers
seeing colors
I love punching undercovers
they seeing colors
I love piercings
and the feeling when that needle's piercing
I love energy. I hate symettry.
I love your assymetrical imagery.
I believe in synchronicity, and super powers, and chemistry
I love labor, I love laziness, I love hateful bodies
bothered by society
I love you cause I don't hate nobody
I got so much hate in my heart. Sick in the head, but it's surely a start.
I love you.

Escapism.
Videogames.
Day dreaming.
Anime. Cartoons.
Manga and Comics.
Dreaming.
Drugs.
Dissasociation.
Willful Ignorance.
Deep Thought.
Music.
Avoid Mirrors (can't stand the sight of me).
Louder Music.
Lights.
Bright Colors.
Louder Music.
Isolation.
Avoid Windows (potential snipers).
Silence.
White Noise.
Rage.
Loneliness.
Shame.
Escapism.

TRAUMA

I'm crying
Yes I'm crying, tryna find the right moment for dying
I'm moaning groaning sighing
Stomping thunder flashing lightning

I'm deep and dark like abyss
My heart hurt may never recover
I'm sick
Been that way since I was a fucking kid

Sad like the blues note
Sad like the blues wrote

I been walking woke since a little nigga had opinions
I been playing tricks since I could kick, yes I'm a fucking gremlin

Purveyor of laughs
Grade-A troll
Wish I could hide the fuck away in my hole

Should've died far too young so I ain't have to carry shit
Now my soul stained by some bullshit I'll be buried with
That's why I got the steel and the skills to carry it
But my heart still light enough to sing with the canaries

I remember lil one thought this world was scary
But now I learned that stings fine and systems rise and they decline
I'm not serving prison time but promise ima get mine

and when there comes an end to me
I hope I made some enemies

Don't fuck around

get ya head in a black bag

dragged to a black site

kidnapped by a black fag

get ya life ended with a black mag

bury bully bitches in the name of my black flag

An Ode to the Scalps of Nazis and Other Violent Bigots

What's my inner mission for this intermission?
Well I'm quite floored
I'm just tryna check the pulse make sure the people want more
I been killing the castles that my verses deplore
Kick my feet up with my AR wait for opening doors
I got them lead feet strapped to the floor
No recoil on the thumper yeah it's bullets galore
One between the eyes better give em like four more
Dip during the breaks between script, rebellion homegrown
Watch the bullets flow in slow mo
Frame by frame, they floating so slow.
Catch a whiff of the vapor, I got the mojo.
Clear the house by myself like Hans solo.
I be cashing checks like they on a roto
Floating off in a ship
Drive the shit like a rowboat
you know I'm spinning my gun, I'm a showboat
And it stay snowing so you know I hit them ski slopes
What if Nemo died in abyss? that's all that he wrote
And marlon can't find his lil fish, my boy is heartbroke
Disrespectful high note
End it in a shy note
I'm quiet and respectful so I leave in peace and leave you a good bi note.

Two Many Forgotten

Two forgotten lovers dancing on the wind
Two forgotten lovers lost and never seen again

Three forgotten lovers made me forget that crying was a sin
Three forgotten lovers got me sighing at the gym

Four forgotten lovers rubbing cotton out the covers
Four forgotten lovers weed smoke chuggers, disregarding rubbers

Six forgotten lovers, laughing life away, playing games all god damn day cause nothing takes the pain away
Six forgotten lovers just like Jane holloway the same storm predicted by Billie holiday

Seven forgotten lovers and it seems I've pissed it all away
Rainy days like how Bruno Mars say

Can't complain cause I'm always to blame
I drove my lovers insane,
I never stay in my lane,
And I burn holes my brain.
Reckless like the pain is on my checklist
Depression ever present I wear it like a necklace,
Watch me try to numb the shit by hopping on the set list,
Pressure effervescent like I'm born to fucking wreck shit.

this one's just to flex
test the best, don't ask who's on next
check the vest, I'm a vet, these choppers is on deck
flex the set, black mask hanging from my neck
cut the check, cash the scam, they always clear it
check my steps, at every step I always queer it
Do you hear it? It's explosive, don't go near it
and my aura is corrosive, highly acidic
you can catch me in a 90's civic
sippin assimilade, reading bout renegades,
shit on my dad, you can see what a minute made
I'll fake like a meter maid, and get bribes from rich assholes who get to their meters late
I have a very slow reading rate and rewind to review and re-read what I've been through
hate police, fuck blue
shout out to the crips, please stop the violence
but no one gives a damn, hospital phones on silent
shout out to the bloods too, I've had homies on that red v. blue and red v. red and blue v. blue and black on black and this and that
and folks in the dinner chat
checking where the chickens at, tryna get some chickens wrapped
cooking white into crack
probably shouldn't have been through that. I ain't need to be there,
But to be clear, I'm there and there, cause I hold the people dear.

Partially addict,
Partially asthmatic,

I'm part addicted,
And partially way past it.

I'm hardly gifted,
I just be well practiced.

I'd sell my soul, if you paying the right price.
It's not about money, that's not how I measure my life.

They say I need a wife, they don't know that I'm the wife.
But I do need one,
I'm taking applications at the mic.

My brain is a battery, getting battered by sadder things.
My pain is imagining just sitting on saturns rings.
Yes I know it's not a solid thing but physics don't make the rules when it comes to my dreams.

I'm a fallen queen, crying over lost and broken things.
But I'm carrying on like this is just my opening.
I'm sick and tired of spending my wishes on hopeless things.

Contraproduction (an ode to my bipolar lover)

One could look at you
And probably see
A mess a contradictions
I look at you
And what I see
A gorgeous composition of contraposition
And they don't know how well it flows
You got a vision
And damn I love how well you flow
You got no mission

And I can't,
Feel the smoke in my lungs no more.
Leathery, lost, and lifeless just like hope
I'm up and full of energy from all this coke
Drugs got me warm so I don't need my coat
Sadness got me torn so I don't need no boat
Strap cement blocks to both legs and just hope I float
They say happiness come in droves and I guess that's some joke
Maybe once a year I actually get stoked
So I sit up in my room getting stoned on my own
Puff puff pass to myself til myself is gone
My life is a mess, couldn't tell you where I went wrong
I guess this is just my sad song…

I hate consciousness, whenever it's not altered,
I may stutter but my words never falter,
my thoughts colonize my mind like gibraltar.
Drinking goat blood on the alter.
What for? I'm not sure.
I'm just cursing god and eating mud and crushing drugs.
I don't need a plug.
I can cook you best believe it.
Isolating isomers, obstacles get defeated.
Automatically obsolete, optional at the meet and greet.
Never had raison d'etre.
No purpose but to be me.
Bored as I am, bored as I am.
And that's why I get fucked up. for the fun of it.

you do what you believe and most of y'all sit at home writing strongly worded letters to politicians that can't read, begging for reprieve.

Sad as can be, I wanna see us niggas in the street screaming fuck the police. I want to get rowdy and show these pigs what we mean. And it ain't business cause business is mean we just want to live without the fear of getting beat.

Gotta couple choppers yeah you know I hold the heat, just like the fucking police.

Black panther party had the pigs on they p's not asking q's cause they was scared of dying on they feet.

Oh the irony.

Black girls get gunned down in the street, missing in jail cells, quote on quote suicide, rinse and repeat.

That's why I declare my reason to be is to smash the fucking state and open all points of entry.

I shall defeat all weapons formed against me.
Revolutionary patricide, anarchy's within me.
And if I'm ever murdered bet the anarchists avenge me.

We coming sevenfold so get ready to think for yourself.
Manage your own time.
Plan your own day.
What do we want from you?
For you to do it your way.

If you a capitalist pig that's fine but it won't pay.
Cause once we all equals no one will ever sell a day.

so now i'm 21 and i'm left with scars that i drown at the bar
that i drown with some bars
that i sound with these bars
and bar none baring my soul is half as hard
as lies that leave gaping holes
where i used to have hopes, dreams
my life is loose at the seams.
never has been what it seems...
i think i was fucked up in the head before the trauma
i was lost in this world before the drama
autistic kid with no diagnosis
parents don't believe in that
so i get beat with a bat
filled with anxieties so that i can show civility
don't even know my own capabilities cause i am not a friend to me

self-medication
home pharmacist
i got a self education
took some acid tabs
practiced self levitation
look through lab glass
self made patron
i never want to lose my
grip on my environment
cause i never had a
grip on reality
they call me schizo and look at me savagely
my mental is battery
sinful insanity
it's simple, say it with me
i would give my left kidney to be crazy like the kids be
world is always magical.
but i hallucinate when sober
sorry i won't be coming over there's a dragon on my chest
that's way bigger than a bolder
don't worry, I'm sure you'll understand me when my life is over
:)

I'm a catty Kathy, not so chatty,
I take the r outta pretty,
I guess I'm not so happy,
I keep the keys in the knitting,
You know my hair be nappy,
You could make a rug with it,
If you could get a plug for it.
You might fall in love with it.
It lives in the sewers though.
It won't be attending your funeral.
But I'll stand by your side to make sure you go.
Semi-colon P.
Got my tongue out cause I'm cold as can be.
Got my plug out in the cold to feed me.
Can't make it through without amphetamine.
Can't kick back without a sedative.
Can't leave the house without my melanin.
Can't talk to a christian without commiting a sin.
Fuck a jesus, Muhammad was a prophet, word to Mahershala Ali.
They shot me for being a commie.
But I'm just a black flag, no bisection about me.
Unless we're talking black fags, then there's a bi section about me.
Wilding out, screaming fuck society.

Homophobic
Retired from hetero heroics
Couldn't fucking hold my shit
I'm glad I came out when I folded
Couldn't handle the aerobics
Wading through the waters slow
Just to show, all the folks, that no homo
Now my rainbow glows so bright and shiny
Burning cis eyes with my new tits I got off craigslist
Calling me a faggot but my pics is how you jackin it
Don't hit my phone behind your lady's back and shit
Scared to death your folks will find out what my package is
Be loud about it if you eyeing me
Cause I don't live silently
And you won't fucking lie on me
But that's ok. Cause honestly? I probably don't want you anyways.
And I damn sure don't want you if I'm just a good sin to taste.
Need a wife to use my ass like a dinner plate, a proper lady
Laying late at night in stolen mercedes
Them het women try to date me, but sorry I'm a lady cis
And I know you didn't miss it, so why you act afflicted just cause I got a dick miss?
And I still don't know how I want to deal with that.
Sorry, I think that's the end of this pad.